SKIALETHEIA.

OR,

A ſhadowe of Truth, in certaine Epigrams and Satyres.

At London,
Printed by I. R. for Nicholas Ling, and are to bee ſolde at the little Weſt doore of Poules. 1598.

To the Reader.

Insteede of Ingling *termes for thy good will.*
Reader fall to, reade, iest, and carpe thy fill.

EPIGRAMS.

Proœmium. 1.

AS in the greatest of societies,
The first beginners, like good natur'd soules,
Beare with their neighbors poore infirmities:
But after, when ambition controules
Theyr calme proceedings, they imperiously
"(As great things still orewhelme thēselues with
Enuy their cōntrimens prosperity, weight)
And in contempt of poorer fates delight.
So *Englands* wits (now mounted the full height,)
Hauing confounded monstrous barbarisines,

Puſt vp by conqueſt, with ſelfe-wounding ſpight,
Engraue themſelues in ciuill warres *Abiſmes*,
Seeking by all meanes to deſtroy each other,
The vnhappy children of ſo deere a mother.

To the Reader. 2.

Whoſe hap ſhall be to reade theſe pedler rimes,
Let them expect no elaborat foolery,
Such as Hermaphroditize theſe poore times,
With wicked ſcald ieſts, extreame gullerie:
Bunglers ſtande long in tinck'ring their trim Say,
Ile onely ſpit my venome, and away.

Of Titus. 3.

Titus oft vaunts his gentry euery where,
Blazoning his coate, deriuing's pedegree;
What needeſt thou daily *Titus* iade mine eare?
I will beleeue thy houſes aunceſtry;
If that be auncient which we doe forget,
Thy gentry is ſo; none can remember it.

To Liuia. 4.

Liuia, I kon thee thanke, when thou dooſt kiſſe
Thou turn'ſt thy cheeke: ſee what good nature is!
For well thou knowſt thy breaths infection,
Able to turne my ſtomack vpſide downe.

Which

Which when I thinke on, but for manners ſake,
I'ld pray thee thy cheeke too away to take.

Of Matho. 5.

Matho in credite bound to pay a debt,
His word engagde him for, doth ſtill replie,
That he will aunſwere it with ſophiſtrie,
And ſo deferres daily to aunſwere it:
Experience now hath taught me ſophiſtrie,
He gaue me his word; that is, he couſſend me.

Of Faber. 6.

Since marriage, *Faber's* prouder then before,
Yfayth his wife muſt take him a hole lower.

Of a railing humour. 7.

(Good Lord) that men ſhould haue ſuch kennel wits
To thinke ſo well of a ſcald railing vaine,
Which ſoone is vented in beſlauered writs.
As when the cholicke in the gutts doth ſtraine,
With ciuill conflicts in the ſame embrac't,
But let a fart, and then the worſt is paſt.

To Deloney. 8.

Like to the fatall ominous Rauen which tolls,
The ſicke mans dirge within his hollow beake,
So euery paper-clothed poſt in Poules,

To

To thee (*Deloney*) mourningly doth ſpeake,
And tells thee of thy hempen tragedie,
The wracks of hungry Tyburne naught to thine.
Such maſſacre's made of thy balladry,
And thou in griefe, for woe thereof maiſt pine:
At euery ſtreets end *Fuſcus* rimes are read,
And thine in ſilence muſt be buried.

Of Paule. 9.

Paule daily wrongs me, yet he daily ſweares
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoule:
I know his drift, to damne that he naught cares
To pleaſe his body: therefore (good friend *Paule*)
If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,
Heereafter loue me in thy bodies place.

Of Syluio. 10.

Syluio the Lawyer, hunting for the fame
Of a wiſe man, ſtudies Phyloſophie,
And odly in his ſingularitie,
From being odde, thinks wiſedome hath her name.
So long hath he turnde ouer *Scaliger*,
Old *Cardan* and the other chimick wits,
Which haue to after-times demiſde their writs,
That a fift Element he doth auerre:
Deſerues not he to make the wiſe men euen,
Who odly thus makes odd the *Nerues* of heauen?

To

EPIGRAMS.

To Gue. 11.

Gue, hang thy ſelfe for woe, ſince gentlemen
Are now growne cunning in thy apiſhnes:
Nay, for they labour with their fooliſhnes
Thee to vndoe, procure to hang them then:
It is a ſtrange ſeeld ſeene vncharitie,
To make fooles of themſelues to hinder thee.

Of Cotta. 12.

Behold a wonder, neuer ſeene before,
Yonder's *Cotta's* picture, dauncing trenchmore.

Of the ſame. 13.

I ſaw not *Cotta* thys halfe yeere before,
When he was angry that I ſpoke not to him,
He hath no reaſon to take it ſo ſore,
Being ſo painted that I did not know him.

To Licus. 14.

Licus, thou often tell'ſt me ieſtingly,
I am a fine man, and ſo tyrannouſly
Haſt thou now tired that phraſe, that euery one
Is a fine man in thine opinion:
In thine opinion? no it's but thy word,
Which doth that fine addition affoord:
And yet I ſee no cauſe but many may,

Be euen as fine as *Licus* euery way;
In dauncing, vaulting, and in riming too,
In theyr conceits there are as good as you.
Then, wherein is't that you ſo farre ſurpaſſe
Other plaine iades, like *Lucius* golden Aſſe?
I heare thee ſay the fouleſt day that is,
Thou art ſhodde in Veluet, and in Naples biſſe:
Nay then I yeeld, for who will ſtriue in it,
May haue fine clothes, but a moſt filthy wit.

Of Zeno. 15.

Zeno deſirous of the idle fame
Of Stoicke reſolution, reckleſly
Seemes to eſteeme of good report or blame;
So prouing himſelfe dull, moſt fooliſhly,
To euery thing he heares, he ſaith he cares not:
He cares not for his booke, nor yet for wit,
For pleaſant catch-fooles in like ſort he ſpares not
To ſweare hee's careleſſe, careleſſe to forget
Or thinke vpon his dutie, ſoules comfort;
Careleſſe to thriue, or liue in decencie;
Careleſſe of vertuous, and a good conſort,
Careleſſe of wiſedome, and of honeſtie;
To all this careleſnes, ſhould one declare
His fathers death, I am ſure he would not care.

Of Rimus. 16.

Once *Rimus* ſaw a pretty laſſe,
And liquorous tooth'd deſir'd to taſt,
But knowing not how to bring't to paſſe,
He vow'd to hange himſelfe in haſt:
I feard him not, the wench was gone,
And he was loth to hang alone.

Of Clodius. 17.

Clodius oft ſayth he hath chaleng'd beene by many,
But neuer tells me he hath anſwered any.

Of Curio. 18.

Curio threats my death in an Epigrame,
Yfayth hee'le eate his word, he is too blame,
And yet I think hee'le write; then ware of bleeding,
Nay feare not, he writes nothing worth the reading.

Of Fauſtus. 19.

Fauſtus in ſteede of grace, ſaith *Fuſcus* rimes,
Oh graceleſſe manners! oh vnhallowed times!

To Candidus. 20.

Friend *Candidus*, thou often dooſt demaund,
What humours men by gulling vnderſtand:
Our *Engliſh Martiall* hath full pleaſantly,

In his cloſe nips deſcribde a gull to thee:
I'le follow him, and ſet downe my conceit
VVhat a Gull is: oh word of much receit!
He is a gull, whoſe indiſcretion,
Cracks his purſe ſtrings to be in faſhion;
He is a gull, who is long in taking roote
In barraine ſoyle, where can be but ſmall fruite:
He is a gull, who runnes himſelfe in debt,
For twelue dayes wonder, hoping ſo to get;
He is a gull, whoſe conſcience is a block,
Not to take intereſt, but waſtes his ſtock:
He is a gull, who cannot haue a whore,
But brags how much he ſpends vpon her ſcore:
He is a gull, that for commoditie
Payes tenne times ten, and ſells the ſame for three:
He is a gull, who paſſing finicall,
Peiſeth each word to be thetoricall:
And to conclude, who ſelfe conceitedly,
Thinkes al men guls, ther's none more gull then he.

Of Procus. 21.

Procus inſteede of more fitting diſcourſe
To entertaine his Miſtris eares withall,
Tells her a long tale of a roſted horſe,
Of a great brabble did to him befall;
When ſhe demaunds the occaſion of the braule,
He in a gallant brauery, gull-like ſwore,

The

The reaſon that he foorth with him did fall,
Was, for the other grutcht him of his whore:
(Ye who doe loue your loues better conceit,)
Iudge if this gull deſerued his miſtris fauour,
Who thus his goatiſh humours did relate:
Or what paine wiſh you for this rude behauiour?
Whomſoe're he marries may ſhe a whore proue,
For this ſpeech ſhewes that he a whore doth loue.

To Clodius. 22.

I prethee *Clodius*, tell me what's the reaſon,
Thou dooſt expect I ſhould ſalute thee firſt,
I haue ſized in Cambridge, and my friends a ſeaſon
Some exhibition for me there diſburſt:
Since that, I haue beene in Goad his weekly role,
And beene acquaint with *Mounſieur Littleton*,
I haue walkt in Poules, and duly din'd at noone,
And ſometimes viſited the dauncing ſchoole:
Then how art thou my better, that I ſhould
Speake alwaies firſt, as I incroch faine would?
But in a whore-houſe thou canſt ſwagger too,
Clodius good day; tis more then I can doo.

Of Sextilius. 23.

Sextilius ſigh'd, for *Leuca* let a fart,
Hath not the youth a meruailous kind hart?

EPIGRAMS.

Of Fuſcus. 24.

When *Fuſcus* firſt had taught his Muſe to ſcold,
He gloried in her rugged vaine ſo much,
That euery one came to him, heare her ſhould,
Firſt *Victor*, then *Cinna*, nor did he grutch
To let both players, and artificers,
Deale with his darling, as if confident;
None of all theſe he did repute for Lechers,
Or thought her face would all ſuch luſts preuent:
But how can he a bawdes ſurname refuſe,
Who to all ſorts thus proſtitutes his Muſe?

Of Gnatho. 25.

My Lord moſt court-like lyes in bed till noone,
Then, all high-ſtomackt riſeth to his dinner,
Falls ſtraight to Dice, before his meate be downe,
Or to diſgeſt, walks to ſome femall ſinner.
Perhaps fore-tyrde he gets him to a play,
Comes home to ſupper, and then falls to dice,
There his deuotion wakes till it be day,
And ſo to bed, where vntill noone he lies.
This is a Lords life, ſimple folke will ſing.
A Lords life? what to trot ſo foule a ring?
Yet thus he liues, and what's the greateſt griefe,
Gnatho ſtill ſweares he leads true vertues life.

To

EPIGRAMS.

To Pollio. 26.

Th'art a fine fellow truſt me *Pollio*,
And euery one reputes thee ſo to be,
Both for thy ingles face, and goodly ſhow,
Of thyne apparraile and thy naperie:
Then, for thou pertly knowes to wagge thy head,
Like ſome old palſey-ſtrucken vſurer,
Chiefely, for that this Chriſtmas thou haſt led
An vnthrifts life, (gramercy Creditor,)
But for this laſt thou muſt be faine to goe,
Into the country for a yeere or two.

Of the ſame. 27.

Pollio at length's fallne in my good conceit,
Not for his wanton face and curled haire,
Nor his fatte buttocke, nor that I delight
In his french Galliard, which is nothing rare,
Nor for that others thinke him to be ſo,
(For others credits cannot better me,)
But for he thinks himſelfe a fine fellow,
For his owne ſtate who better knowes then hee?

Of Zeno. 28.

Zeno would faine th'old widdow *Æagle* haue,
Truſt me hee's wiſe, for ſhee is rich and braue:
But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhee will none of you,
In my mind ſhee's the wiſer of the two.

Of

Of Arion. 29.

Arions thoughts are growne ſo muſicall,
That all his talke's of crotchets, and of quauers;
His very words to ſembriefe time doe fall,
And blowing of his noſe of muſicke ſauours:
Hee'le tell you of well fretting of a Lute,
Euen til you fret, and of the harmonie,
Is either in a ſtill Cornet or Flute,
Of reſts, and ſtops, and ſuch like trumperie,
Yet loues he more, for all ſweet muſick ſence,
His miſtris belly, then theſe inſtruments.

Of Chryſogonus. 30.

Chryſogonus each morning by his glaſſe,
Teacheth a wrinckled action to his face,
And with the ſame he runnes into the ſtreet,
Each one to put in feare that he doth meet:
I prythee tell me (gentle *Chryſogone*)
What needs a borrowed bad face to thine owne?

Of Torques. 31.

Torques a Knight, and of indifferent liuing,
Is neyther free of houſe-keeping, nor giuing:
Yet ſtands he in the *Debet* booke vncroſt:
Wonder not man, he keepes a whore to his coſt.

Of

EPIGRAMS.

Of Lais. 32.

Wanton young *Lais* hath a pretty note,
Whoſe burthen is, pinch not my petticoate:
Not that ſhe feares cloſe nips, for by the rood,
A priuy pleaſing nip will cheare her blood:
But ſhe which longs to taſt of pleaſures cup,
In nipping would her petticoate weare vp.

Of Fidens. 33.

Fidens inſtructs young Gentlemen to play,
Who teach his wife, they get true fingring:
But ſhe learnes to play falſe; no meruaile, they
Of a Maiſter, ſhe of Schollers got her learning.

Of Orpheus. 34.

Orpheus hath wed a young luſty wife,
And all day long vpon his Lute doth play:
Doth not this fellow lead a merry life,
Who playes continually both night and day?

Of Cotta. 35.

I wonder (*Cotta*) Paynters Art can like thee,
Who drew thy picture being nothing like thee.

Of Metius. 36.

Metius of late hath greatly coſend me,
I tooke him for an earneſt Catholike,

He talk'd ſo much of almes and charity;
But I vvas mightily deceau'd belike.
He praiſeth charity and almes, becauſe
He was made Barriſter for almes, not lawes.

Of the ſame. 37.

With what conſcience can *Metius* ſell law deare,
When of meere almes he was made Barriſter?

To Licus. 38.

Licus, thou art deceau'd in ſaying, that
I'me a fine man: thou ſaiſt thou knowſt not what.
He's a fine fellow vvho is neate and fine,
Whoſe locks are kem'd, & neuer a tangled twine,
Who ſmels of Musk, Ciuet, and Pomander,
Who ſpends, and out-ſpends many a pound a yeare,
Who piertly iets, can caper, daunce, and ſing,
Play with his Miſtris fingers, her hand vvring,
Who companying vvith vvenches nere is ſtill:
But either skips or mowes, or prates his fill,
VVho is at euery play, and euery night
Sups with his *Ingles*, vvho can vvell recite,
Whatſoeuer rimes are gracious (*Licus*) leaue,
Iniure not my content then, to bereaue
My fortune of her quiet: I am I,
But a fine fellovv in my fantaſie

Is

Is a great trouble, trouble me not then,
For a fine fellow, is a fine foole mongſt men.

Of Chreſtina. 39.

I told *Chreſtina* I vvould lie vvith her,
When ſhe with an old phraſe doth me aduiſe,
To keepe my ſelfe from water and from fier,
And ſhe would keepe me from betwixt her thighs;
That there is vvater I doe make no doubt,
But Il'e be loth (vvench) to be fired out.

Of Nævia. 40.

Nævia is one vvhile of the Innes of Court,
T'oyling in *Brooke*, *Fitzherbert*, and in *Dyer*:
Another vvhile th'Exchange he doth reſort,
Moyling as faſt, a ſeller, and a buyer:
Will not he thriue (think yee) who can deuiſe,
Thus to vnite the lavv and merchandiſe?
Doubtleſſe he vvill, or coſen out of doubt;
What matter's that? his law will beare him out.

Of the ſame. 41.

Nævia's a Merchant, and a Gentleman:
That is, ſcarce honeſt, liue he how he can.

Of the ſame 42.

Pardon me (Reader) I will not bewray
Who *Nævia* is, not that I feare to ſay,

But that he ſhould be puniſhd I am loth,
For engroſſing occupations as he doth.
He is a Lawyer, and a Merchant to,
And ſhortly will I doubt haue more to do:
He is a buſie fellow, and may be
A knaue Promoter for his honeſty.

Of Clodius. 43.

Clodius me thinks lookes paſſing big of late,
With *Dunſtons* browes, and *Allens Cutlacks* gate:
What humours haue poſſeſt him ſo, I wonder,
His eyes are lightning, and his words are thunder:
What meanes the Bragart by his alteration?
He knows he's known too wel, for this fond faſhion:
To cauſe him to be feard: what meanes he than?
Belike, becauſe he cannot play the man.
Yet would be awde, he keepes this filthy reuell,
Stalking and roaring like to *Iobs* great deuill.

Of Phrix. 44.

Phrix hath a noſe; who doubts what ech man knows
But what hath *Phrix* know-worth beſides his noſe?

In Zelotypum. 45.

Thy wife ſo nimph-like ſitting at the board,
Why frown'ſt thou that I look on her? good Lord.
What ſinne is't to looke on a pretty laſſe!

We

We look on heauen, the Sun & Moons bright face.
Would'ſt haue me turne away, as I did ſee
Some filthy ſlut, or lewd deformity?
Why, Iealouſie her ſelfe may ſuffer ſight;
Sight cannot cuckold thee, nor do thee ſpight:
If thow'lt not haue her look'd on by thy gueſts,
Bid none but Harpers hence-forth to thy feaſts.

Of Gellia. 46.

The world finds fault with *Gellia*, for ſhe loues
A skip-iack fidler, I hold her excus'd,
For louing him, ſith ſhe her ſelfe ſo proues:
What, ſhe a fidler? tut ſhe is abus'd?
No in good faith; what fidle hath ſhe vs'd?
The *Viole Digambo* is her beſt content,
For twixt her legs ſhe holds her inſtrument.

To the Reader. 47.

Excuſe me (Reader) though I now and than,
In ſome light lines doe ſhew my ſelfe a man,
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigrame.

To Lydia. 48.

(*Lydia*) ſo mote I thee thou art not faire,
A plaine brownetta when thou art at beſt:
Yet darſt not thou come forth into the ayre,

When no wind ſtirres, and Sunne's hid in the vveſt.
But mask'd forſooth, I prethy what's thy reaſon,
That hauing (God he knowes) no faire to looſe,
Thou hid'ſt that pitteous *None* ſo out of ſeaſon?
Oh th'art a mummer, and perhaps doſt chooſe,
A faire calme euen as fitteſt for thy gaine:
Sayeſt thou me ſo? nay, then we'le haue about,
Come, trip the dice, haue at your box (*Madame*)
Ile caſt at all, for ſure I goe not out.
Nothing but mum? nay then we are agreed,
Be I well chanc'd, my chance may be to ſpeed.

To Cotta. 49.

Be not wrath, *Cotta*, that I not ſalute thee,
I vs'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee:
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I
Cotta will not commit idolatry.

To Women. 50.

Yee that haue beauty and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong-leſſon without ditty.

Of Chreſtina. 51.

Talke bawdery and *Chreſtina* ſpets and ſpals,
So much her chaſt thoughts hate it, tut that's falſe,
She loues it well, wherfore then ſhould ſhe ſpet?
Her teeth doe water but to heare of it.

EPIGRAMS.

Of Panſa. 52.

Fine ſpruce yong *Panſa's* growne a malcontent,
A mighty malcontent though young and ſpruce,
As hereſie he ſhuns all merriment,
And turn'd good husband, puts forth ſighs to vſe,
Like hate-man *Timon* in his Cell, he ſits
Miſted with darknes like a ſmoaky roome,
And if he be ſo mad to walke the ſtreetes,
To his ſights life, his hat becomes a toombe.
What is the cauſe of this melancholly,
His father's dead: no, ſuch newes reuiues him,
Wants he a whore? nor that, loues he? that's folly,
Mount his high thoughts? oh no, then what grieues
Laſt night which did our *Ins* of court men call (him?
In ſilken ſutes like gawdy Butterflies,
To paint the Torch-light ſommer of the hall,
And ſhew good legs, ſpite of ſlops-ſmothering thies
He paſſing from his chamber through the Court,
Did ſpoile a paire of new white pumps with durt

Of Cornelius. 53.

See you him yonder, who ſits o're the ſtage,
With the Tobacco-pipe now at his mouth?
It is *Cornelius* that braue gallant youth,
Who is new printed to this fangled age:
He weares a Ierkin cudgeld with gold lace,

A profound ſlop, a hat ſcarce pipkin high,
For boots, a paire of dagge caſes; his face,
Furr'd with *Cads*-beard: his poynard on his thigh.
He wallows in his walk his ſlop to grace,
Sweares *by the Lord*, daines no ſalutation
But to ſome iade that's ſick of his owne faſhion,
As *farewell ſweet Captaine*, or(*boy*) *come apace:*
Yet this Sir *Beuis*, or the fayery Knight,
Put vp the lie becauſe he durſt not fight.

Of Iſſa. 54.

Iſſa from me to a player tooke her way,
No meruaile, for ſhe alwaies lou'd to play.

To Mira. 55.

Many aske *Mira*, why I nam'd thee ſo:
Let them aske Nature why ſhe fram'd thee ſo.

De Ignoto. 56.

There's an odd fellow, (ile not tell his name,
Becauſe from my lines he ſhal get no fame:)
Reading mine Epigrams bathes euery limb,
In angry ſweat ſwearing that I meane him:
Content thy ſelfe I write of better men,
Thou art no worthy ſubiect for my pen.

Of Nigrina. 57.

Why ſhould *Nigrina* weare her mask ſo much?
Her skins lawn's not ſo fine, ſo ſoone to ſtaine,
Her tendreſt poultry may endure the touch,
Her face, face and out-face the wind againe:
The cherry of her lip's a vvinter Cherry,
Then weather-proof, & needs no masks defence:
Her cheeks beſt fruit's a black, no Mulberry,
But feareleſſe of ſharp guſtes impoueriſhments:
And to be briefe, ſhe being all plaine *Ione*,
Why is ſhe mask'd to keepe that where is none?
O ſir, ſhe's painted, and you know the guiſe,
Pictures are curtaind from the vulgar eyes.

Of Drus. 58.

Drus for a Cuckold, and miſerable's fam'd,
May not he well a hard-head then be nam'd?

To Mira. 59.

Thou fearſt I loue thee, for I prayſe thee ſo:
Should I diſpraiſe thee, what wouldſt feare I trow?

De Ignoto. 60.

Yon fellow thinks mine Epigrams him meane,
Then let me write of euery bawd and queane.

EPIGRAMS.

Of Nigrina. 61.

Painted *Nigrina* vnmask'd comes ne're in ſight,
Becauſe light vvenches care not for the light.

Of the ſame. 62.

Painted *Nigrina* with the picture face,
Hauing no maske thinks ſhe's without grace,
So with one caſe ſhe doth another caſe,
Doth not her maske become her then apace?

Of Baſſus. 63.

Eloquent *Baſſus* ſpeakes all with a grace,
Not ſo much but good morrow, and good night:
I wonder when the Somner did him cite,
For his ſweet ſinne, how he ſpake in that caſe:
I am ſure he could with no grace well refuſe it
And worſe I doubt with any grace excuſe it.

To Mira. 64.

Thou fear'ſt I am in loue with thee (my Deare)
I prethy feare not, *It comes with a feare.*

Of Nigrina. 65.

Becauſe *Nigrina* hath a painted face,
Many ſuſpect her to be light and baſe:
I ſee no reaſon to repute her ſuch,
For out of doubt ſhe will abide the tuch.

EPIGRAMS.

Of Gellia. 66.

Gellia intic'd her good-man to the Citty,
And often threatneth to giue him the lurch,
See how this ſweet ſinne makes the ſimpleſt witty:
She *(too prophane)* whilſt he is at the church,
Ringing the firſt peale at the greateſt bels
At home will ring all in with ſome one els.

Ad Crocum. 67.

Crocus, thou ſai'ſt that thou do'ſt know more queans
Then many a poore man ears in Autum gleans?
But *Crocus*, *Crocus*, if they all know you,
I feare I-faith you haue too much to do.

Of Caius. 68.

As *Caius* walks the ſtreets, if he but heare
A blackman grunt his note, he cries *oh rare*!
He cries *oh rare*, to heare the *Iriſhmen*
Cry pippe, fine pippe, with a ſhrill accent, when
He comes at Mercers chappell; and, *oh rare*,
At *Ludgate* at the priſoners plaine-ſong there:
Oh rare ſings he to heare a Cobler ſing,
Or a waſſaile on twelfe night, or the ring
At cold S. *Pancras* church; or any thing:
He'le cry, *oh rare*, and ſcratch the elbow too
To ſee two Butchers curres fight; the Cuckoo,

Will

Will cry *oh rare,* to ſee the champion bull,
Or the victorious maſtife with crown'd ſcull:
And garlanded with flowers, paſſing along
From *Paris*-garden he renewes his ſong,
To ſee my L.Maiors Henchmen; or to ſee,
(*At an old Aldermans bleſt obſequie*)
The Hoſpitall boyes in their blew æquipage,
Or at a carted bawde, or whore in cage:
He'le cry, *oh rare,* at a Gongfarmers cart,
Oh rare to heare a ballad or a fart:
Briefely ſo long he hath vſde to cry, *oh rare,*
That now that phraſe is growne thin & thred-bare,
But ſure his wit will be more rare and thin,
If he continue as he doth begin.

To the Reader. 69.

Some dainte eare, like a wax-rubd Citty roome,
Wil haply blame my *Muſe* for this ſalt rhume,
Thinking her lewd and too vnmaidenly,
For dauncing this Iigge ſo laſciuiouſly:
But better thoughts, more diſcreet, will excuſe
This quick *Couranto* of my merry *Muſe*;
And ſay ſhe keeps *Decorum* to the times,
To womens looſe gownes ſuting her looſe rimes:
But I, who beſt her humorous pleaſance know,
Say, that this mad wench when ſhe ieſteth ſo

Is honeſter then many a ſullen one,
Which being more ſilent thinks worſe being alone:
Then my quick-ſprighted laſſe can ſpeake: for who
Knowes not the old ſaid ſaw of the *Still Sow.*

Concluſion to the Reader. 70.

(Reader) when thou haſt read this mad-cap ſtuffe,
Wherein my *Muſe* ſwaggers as in her ruffe:
I know theſe Orphants ſhal be ſoone renounced,
Of euery one, and vnto death denounced:
I know thow'lt doome them to th' *Apotheta,*
To wrap Sope in, and *Aſſifœtida:*
And iuſtly to: for thou canſt not miſuſe,
More then I will, theſe baſtards of my *Muſe:*
I know they are paſſing filthy, ſcuruey lines,
I know they are rude, harſh, and vnſauory rimes:
Fit to wrap playſters, and odd vnguents in,
Reedifiers of the wracks of *Symme.*
Viewing this ſin-drownd vvorld, I purpoſely,
Phiſick'd my *Muſe,* that thus vnmannerly,
She might beray our folly-ſoyled age,
And keepe *Decorum* on a comick ſtage,
Bringing a foule-mouth Ieſter vvho might ſing
To rogues, the ſtory of the louſie King.
I care not vvhat the vvorld doth think, or ſay,
There lies a morral vnder my leane play:

And

And like a reſolute Epigrammatiſt,
Holding my pen, my Rapier in my fiſt:
I know I ſhall vvide-gaping *Momes* conuince.
My *Muſe* ſo armed is a careleſſe Prince.

SA-

SATYRE PRE-ludium.

FIe on theſe *Lydian* tunes which blunt our ſprights
And turne our gallants to *Hermaphrodites*:
Giue me a *Doricke* touch, whoſe *Semphony*,
And dauncing aire may with affinity
Moue our light vaulting ſpirits and capering.
Woo *Alexander* from lewd banquetting
To armes. Bid *Haniball* remember *Cannas*,
And leaue *Salapian Tamyras* embrace.
Hence with theſe fidlers, whoſe oyle-buttred lines,
Are Panders vnto luſts, and food to ſinnes,
Their whimpring Sonnets, puling Elegies
Slaunder the Muſes; make the vvorld deſpiſe,
Admired poeſie, marre *Reſolutions* ruffe,
And melt true valour with lewd ballad ſtuffe.
Heere one's Elegiack pen patheticall,
His parting from his Miſtris doth bewaile:
Which when young gallant *Mutio* hath perus'd,

His

His valour's creſtfalne, his reſolues abuſd,
For vvhatſoe're his courage erſt did moue,
He'le goe no voyage novv to leaue his Loue.
Another vvith his ſupple paſſion
Meaning to moue his Pigſney to compaſſion,
Makes puiſne *Lucius* in a ſimpathy
In loue vvith's pibald Laundres by and by.
A third that falls more roundly to his vvorke,
Meaning to moue her vvere ſhe Ievv or Turke:
Writes perfect *Cat and fidle*, vvantonly,
Tickling her thoughts vvith masking bavvdry:
Which read to Captaine *Tucca*, he doth ſvveare,
And ſcratch, and ſvveare, and ſcratch to heare
His ovvne diſcourſe diſcours'd: and *by the Lord*
It's paſſing good: oh good! at euery vvord:
When his Cock-ſparrovv thoughts to itch begin,
He vvith a ſhrug ſvveares't *a moſt ſweet ſinne.*
Some others Lady Muſe is comicall,
Thalia to the back, nay back and all,
And ſhe vvith many a ſalt *La volto* ieſt
Edgeth ſome blunted teeth, and fires the breſt
Of many an old cold gray-beard Cittizen,
Medea like making him young againe;
Who comming from the Curtaine ſneaketh in,
To ſome odde garden no ed houſe of ſinne.
But oh vvorſe yet! for ſome Capritcious humor

Ma-

Making an iſſue of his vlcerous tumor.
Some prophane Clodian pen daring diſplay
(Like connicatching) bawdries Orgia,
With the prouoſt Martiall, ranſacks euery roome
Of a vaulting houſe, and ribbald doth preſume,
VVith Midwife *Albert*, or the womans booke
To anatomize each corner, and fond nooke.
Let *Rablais* with his durtie mouth diſcourſe
No longer bluſh, for they'le write ten times worſe:
And *Aretines* great wit be blam'd no more,
They'le ſtorie forth the errant arrant whore:
And ſpeaking painters excuſe *Titian*,
For his *Ioues* loues; and *Elephanticke* vaine.
Thus all our Poets as they had carouſde
A health to *Circes*, are in hogſties houſde,
Or els transformd to Goates laſciuiouſly,
Filthing chaſt eares with theyr pens *Gonorrhey*,
For euen the ſtalieſt and moſt generous,
The heroicke Poeme is laſciuious,
Which midſt of *Mars* his field,& hote alarmes,
VVill ſing of *Cupids* chiualrie and armes.
The Satyre onely and Epigramatiſt,
(Conciſde Epigrame, and ſharpe Satyriſt)
Keepe diet from this ſurfet of exceſſe,
Tempring themſelues from ſuch licenciouſnes.
The bitter cenſures of their Critticke ſpleenes,

Are Antidotes to peſtilentiall ſinnes,
They heale with laſhing, ſeare luxurioufnes,
They are Philoſophicke true *Cantharides*
To vanities dead fleſh. An Epigrame
Is popiſh diſpling, rebell fleſh to taine:
A plaine dealing lad, that is not afraid
To ſpeake the truth, but calls a iade, a iade.
And *Mounſieur Guulard* was not much too blame,
VVhen he for meat miſtooke an Epigrame,
For though it be no cates, ſharpe ſauce it is,
To lickerous vanitie, youths ſweet amiſſe.
But oh the Satyre hath a nobler vaine,
He's the Strappado, rack, and ſome ſuch paine
To baſe lewd vice; the Epigram's Bridewell,
Some whipping cheere: but this is follies hell.
The Epigram's like dwarfe Kings ſcurrill grace,
A Satyre's Cheſter to a painted face;
It is the bone-ach vnto lechery,
To Acolaſtus it is beggery:
It is the ſcourge, the *Tamberlaine* of vice,
The three ſquare Tyborne of impieties.
But to come neere the verſes of our time,
It is (oh ſcuruey) to a Lenten rime;
It is the grand hiſſe to a filthy play,
T is peoples howts and ſhowts at a pot fray.
Itch farther yet, yet nerer to them, fie

Their

Their wits haue got my Muſe with Tympanie:
And with their looſe tayld penns to let it looſe,
It's like a Syring to a Hampſhire Gooſe.
Theſe critique wits which nettle vanitie,
Are better farre then foode to foppery:
And I dare warrant that the hangingſt brow,
The ſowreſt Stoicke that will ſcarce allow
A riming ſtone vpon his fathers graue,
(Though he no reaſon haue no rime to haue:)
The ſtrickteſt (*Plato*) that for vertues health:
Will baniſh Poets forth his common-wealth.
VVill of the two affoord the Satyre grace,
Before the whyning loue-ſong ſhall haue place:
And by ſo much his night-cap's ouer awde,
As a Beadle's better ſtates-man then a Bawde.

Explicit the Satyres flouriſh before his fencing.

Alterius qui fert vitia ferendo
facit ſua.

Satyra prima.

SHall I ſtill mych in ſilence and giue ayme,
To other wits which make court to bright fame?
A ſchoole boy ſtill, ſhall I lend eare to other,
And myne owne priuate Muſes muſick ſmother?
Eſpecially in this ſinne leapered age,
VVhere euery Player vice comes on the ſtage:
Maskt in a vertuous robe? and fooles doe ſit
More honored then the *Preſter Iohn* of wit?
VVhere vertue, like a common goſsop ſhieldes
Vice with her name, and her defects ore-guilds:
No no, my Muſe, be valiant to controule,
Play the ſcold brauely, feare no cucking-ſtoole,
Begall thy ſpirit, like ſhrill trumpets clangor,
Vent forth th'impatience, and allarme thine anger:
Gainſt ſinnes inuaſions, rende the foggie clowde,
whoſe al black wombe far blacker vice doth ſhrowd
Tell Gyant greatnes a more great did frame,
Th'imaginary Coloſse of the ſame;
And then expoſtulate why *Titus* ſhould
Make ſhewe of Ætnas heat, yet be as cold
As ſnow-drownd *Athos* in his frozen zeale,
Both to Religion and his Common-weale?
Or why ſhould *Calius* iniure thrift ſo much,
As to entitle his extortion ſuch?
Or deſperat *Drus* cloke the confuſion,

Of

Of heady rage with reſolution,
Pale trembling *Matho* dies his milke-ſtaind liuer
In colour of a diſcreet counſell-giuer:
And coole aduiſement: yet the world doth know,
Hee's a rancke coward: but who dares tell him ſo?
The world's ſo bad that vertue's ouer-awde,
And forſt poore ſoule to become vices bawde:
Like the old morrall of the comedie,
Where Conſcience fauours Lucars harlotry.
In ſpight of valour martiall *Anthony*,
Doth ſacrifice himſelfe to lecherie:
Waſting to skin & bones (true map of ruth,)
Yet termes it ſolace, and a trick of youth.
Oh world, oh time, that euer men ſhould be
So blinde beſotted with hipocriſie:
Poyſon to call an wholſome *Antidote*,
And made carouſe the ſame, although they know't.
How now my *Muſe*, this is right womans faſhion,
To fall from brawling to a blubbering paſsion?
Haue done haue done, and to a nimbler key,
Set thy winde inſtrument, and ſprightly play.
Thys leaden-heeled paſsion is to dull,
To keepe pace with this Satyre-footed gull:
This mad-cap world, this whirlygigging age:
Thou muſt haue words compact of fire & rage:
Tearms of quick Camphire & Salt-peeter phraſes,

As in a myne to blow vp the worlds graces,
And blaſt her anticke apiſh complements.
Her iugling tricks and miſts which mock the ſence,
Make *Catiline* or *Alcibiades*,
To ſeeme a *Cato*, or a *Socrates*.
This vizar-fac't pole-head diſsimulation,
This parraſite, this guide to reprobation,
Thys ſquynt-eyde ſlaue, which lookes two wayes at once,
This forkt Dilemma, oyle of paſsions,
Hath ſo bereyde the world with his foule myre,
That naked truth may be ſuſpect a lyer.
For when great *Fælix* paſſing through the ſtreet,
Vayleth his cap to each one he doth meet,
And when no broome-man that will pray for him,
Shall haue leſſe truage then his bonnets brim,
VVho would not thinke him perfect curteſie?
Or the honny-ſuckle of humilitie?
The deuill he is as ſoone: he is the deuill,
Brightly accouſtred to bemiſt his euill:
Like a Swartrutters hoſe his puffe thoughts ſwell,
With yeaſtie ambition: *Signior Machiauell*
Taught him this mumming trick, with curteſie
T'entrench himſelfe in popularitie,
And for a writhen face, and bodies moue,
Be Barricadode in the peoples loue.
Yonder comes *Clodius*, giue him the ſalute,

SATYRE. I.

An oylie ſlaue: he angling for repute,
VVill gently entertaine thee, and preuent
Thy worſe conceit with many a complement:
But turne thy backe, and then he turnes the word,
The foul-mouthd knaue wil call thee goodmā *Tord.*
Nothing but coſſenage doth the world poſſeſſe,
And ſtuffes the large armes of his emptines.
Make ſute to *Fabius* for his fauour, he
Will ſtraight proteſt of his loues treaſurie:
Beleeu'ſt thou him, then weare a motly coate,
He'le be the firſt man which ſhall cut thy throat.
Come to the Court, and *Balthazer* affords
Fountaines of holy and roſe-water words:
Haſt thou need of him? & wouldſt find him kind?
Nay then goe by, the gentleman is blind.
Thus all our actions in a ſimpathy,
Doe daunce an anticke with hypocriſie,
And motley fac'd Diſsimulation,
Is crept into our euery faſhion,
VVhoſe very titles to are diſſembled:)
The now all-buttockt, and no-bellied
Doublet and hoſe which I doe reuell in,
VVas my great grandſires when he did begin
To wooe my grandame, when hee firſt beſpake her,
And witneſſe to the ioynture he did make her:
(VVitnes ſome auntient painted hiſtory

Of

Of *Assuerus, Haman, Mardoche.*

For though some gulls me to beleeue are loth,
I know thei'le credite print, and painted cloth)
Yet, like th'olde Ballad of the Lord of *Lorne*,
VVhose last line in King *Harries* dayes was borne,
It still retaines the title of as new,
And proper a fashion, as you euer knew.
All things are different from their outward show,
The very poet, whose standish doth flow
VVith Nectar of *Parnassus*, and his braine
Melts to *Castalian* dew, and showres wits raine,
Yet by his outward coutnaunce doth appeare
To haue beene borne in wits dearths deereſt yeere.
So that *Zopirus* iudging by his face,
VVill pronounce *Socrates* for dull and base.
This habite hath false larumd-seeming wonne
In our affections, that whatsoere is done
Must be newe coynd with slie dissemblance stamp,
And giue a sunne-shine title to a lampe.
This makes the foisting trauailer to sweare,
And face out many a lie within the yeere.
And if he haue beene an howre or two aboarde,
To spew a little gall: then, by the Lord,
He hath beene in both the *Indias*, East and West,
Talkes of *Guiana, China*, and the rest:
The straights of *Gibraltare*, and *Ænian*,

Are

Are but hard by, no nor the *Magellane*,
Mandeuile, *Candiſh*, ſea-experienſt *Drake*
Came neuer neere him, if he truly crake;
Nor euer durſt come where he layd his head,
For out of doubt he hath diſcouered
Some halfe a dozen of th'infinity
Of *Anaxarchus* worlds. Like foppery
The Antiquary would perſwade vs to:
He ſhewes a peece of blacke-iack for the ſhooe,
Which old *Ægeus* bequeathd his valiant ſonne:
A peece of polliſht mother of pearle's the ſpoone
Cupid eate pappe with; and he hath a dagger
Made of the ſword wherwith great *Charles* did ſwag
Oh that the whip of fooles, great *Aretine*, (ger.
Whoſe words were ſquibs, and crackers euery line,
Liu'd in our dayes, to ſcourge theſe hypocrites,
VVhoſe taunts may be like gobblins and ſprights:
To haunt theſe wretches forth that little left them
Of ayery wit; (for all the reſt's bereft them.)
Oh how the varges from his blacke pen wrung,
VVould ſauce the *Idiome* of the Engliſh tongue,
Giue it a new touch, liuelier Dialect
To heare this two-neckt gooſe, this falſhood checkt.
Me thinks I ſee the pie-bald whoreſone tremble
To heare of *Aretine*: he doth diſſemble,
There is no truſt to be had to his quaking,

To

To him once more, and rouſe him from his ſhaking
Feauer of fained feare, hold whip and cord,
Muſe, play the Beadle, a laſh at euery word:
No, no, let be, he's a true coſoner ſtill,
And like the Cramp-fiſh darts, euen throgh my quil
His ſlie inſiniuating poyſonous iuice,
And doth the ſame into my Spirit infuſe:
Me thinks already I applaud my ſelfe,
For nettle-ſtinging thus this fayery elfe:
And though my conſcience ſayes I merit not
Such deere reward, diſſembling yet (God wot)
I hunt for praiſe, and doe the ſame expect:
Hence (crafty enchaunter) welcome baſe neglect,
Scoffes make me know my ſelfe, I muſt not erre,
Better a wretch then a diſſembler.

Satyra ſecunda.

HEere coms a Coach (my Lads) let's make a ſtand,
And take a view of blazing ſtarres at hand:
Who's here? who's here? now truſt me paſſing faire,
Thai're moſt ſweet Ladies: mary and ſo they are.
Why thou young puiſne art thou yet to learne,
A harper from a ſhilling to diſcerne?
I had thought the laſt mask which thou caperedſt in
Had catechiz'd thee from this errors ſinne,

Taught

SATYRE. II.

Taught thee S. *Martins* ſtuffe from true gold lace,
And know a perfect from a painted face:
Why they are Idols, Puppets, Exchange babies,
And yet (thou foole) tak'ſt them for goodly Ladies:
Where are thine eyes? But now I call to mind,
Theſe can bewitch, and ſo haue made thee blind;
A compound miſt of May deaw and Beane flowre,
Doe theſe *Acraſias* on thy eye lids powre:
Thou art enchaunted (*Publius*) and haſt neede
Of *Herculas*, thy reaſon, to be freede.
Conſider what a rough worme-eaten table,
By well-mix'd colours is made ſaleable:
Or how toad-houſing ſculs, and old ſwart bones,
Are grac'd with painted toombs, and plated ſtones:
And think withall how ſcoffe-inſpiring faces
From dawbing pencils doe deriue their graces:
Their beauties are moſt antient Gentlemen,
Fetch'd from the deaw-figs, hens dung, & the beane.
Nay, this doth rather prooue them baſtard faires,
For to ſo many fathers they are heires,
Yet their effronted thoughts adulterate,
Think the blind world holds them legitimate.
(Madame) you gull your ſelfe, thinking to gull
Young puiſnes eyes with your ore-varniſh'd ſcull:
For now our Gallants are ſo cunning growne,
That painted faces are like pippins knowne:

They

They know your ſpirits,& your diſtillations, (ons,
which make your eies turn diamõds, to charm paſsi-
Your ceruſſe now growne ſtale,your skaine of ſilke,
Your philterd waters, and your aſſes milke,
They were plaine aſſes if they did not know,
Quickſiluer, iuyce of Lemmons, Boras too,
Allom, oyle Tartar, whites of egges, & gaules
Are made the bawdes to morphew,ſcurffs & ſcauls
Then whats a wench but a quirke, quidlit caſe,
VVhich makes a Painters pallat of her face?
Or would not *Cheſter* ſweare her downe that ſhee
Lookt like an Elench, logicke ſophiſtrie?
Or like a new ſherifes gate-poſts,whoſe old faces
Are furbiſht ouer to ſmoothe times diſgraces?
Then how is man turnd all *Pygmalion*,
That knowing theſe pictures, yet we doate vpon
The painted ſtatues, or what fooles are we
So groſly to commit idolatry?
VVhat, are we Ethnicks that we honour beaſts?
(They are beaſts which paint themſelues) or els pa-
Whoſe ouer-fleeting brittle memories (piſts
Right worſhipfull intitle Images?
But be we any thing; theſe wenches know
VVe are but fooles to be deluded ſo:
Who for deluding vs,to plague their ſinne,
Are turnd to counterfaits,which their vncaſde skin,

Quick-

Quickly diſcouers,and to ſhadowes too,
For making louers ſhadowes as they doo.
Is not he fond then which a ſlip receaues
For currant money? ſhe which thee deceaues
With copper guilt is but a ſlip, and ſhe
Will one day ſhew thee a touch as ſlippery:
She's counterfait now, and it will goe hard,
If e're thou find her currant afterward:
A painted vvench is like a whore-houſe ſigne,
The old new ſlurred ouer: or mix'd wine,
Sophiſticate, to giue it hew and taſt;
A dudgin dagger that's new ſcowr'd and glaſt:
Or I could ſute her were ſhe not prophane,
To a new painted, and churchwarden'd fane:
Or generall pardons, which ſpeake gloriouſly,
Yet keepe not touch: or a Popiſh *Iubily*.
Thus altering natures ſtamp, they're altered,
From their firſt purity, innate maydenhead:
Of ſimple naked honeſty, and truth,
And giuen o're to ſeducing luſt and youth:
Whoſe ſtings when they are blunted, & theſe freede
Then ſhall they ſee the horror of this deede:
And leauing it their lothſome playſtered skins,
Shall ſhew the furrowed riuels of their ſins:
And now their box complexions are depos'd,
Their iaundiſe looks,and raine-bow like diſclos'd,

Shall

Shall ſlander them with ſicknes e're their time,
For pocket-healths, vaine vſage in their prime.
Then ſhall their owly conſciences ſhun light,
And thus like Bats ſhall flutter in the night,
Aſham'd that any eye ſhould teſtifie,
Their now impouerish'd beauties beggary,
Nay, they ſo far ſhal be aſham'd thereof,
That from themſelues they ſhal feare cannon ſcoffe,
And hate to ſee themſelues: *all glaſſes breake,*
By which before they taught their looks to ſpeake:
And parly with their luſts. But I'me a foole,
Which talk to deafe eares, & dull ſtocks do ſchoole:
Me thinks the painted Pageant's out of ſight,
It's time to end my lecture then: good night.

Satyra tertia.

MAry and gup! haue I then loſt my cap?
It ſhall be a warning for an after-clap,
Not that I weigh the tributary due,
Of cap and courtſhip complements, and new
Antike ſalutes, I care not for th'embrace,
The Spaniſh ſhrug, kiſs'd-hand, nor cheuerell face,
God ſaue you ſir, good ſir, and ſuch like phraſes,
Pronounc'd with liſping, and affected graces,
Moue me no more then t'heare a Parrat cry

Her

Her by-roate leſſon of like curteſie:
But this I wonder, that th'art ſo eſtrang'd,
And thy old Engliſh looks to outlandiſh chang'd,
Howſoe're thy ſelfe by Engliſh birth art freed,
Thou haſt neede to haue thy looks endenized:
With thee I haue beene long time well acquainted:
But thoſe beyond-ſea looks haue now diſioynted
Our well knit friendſhip, for whoſe ſake I doubt
Th'art quite turn'd Dutch, or ſome outlandiſh lowt,
Thou haſt cleane forgot thine Engliſh tong, & then
Art in no ſtate to ſalute Engliſhmen:
Or elſe th'haſt had ſome great ſicknes of late,
Whoſe tiranny doth ſo extenuate
Thy fraile remembrance, that thou canſt not claime
Thine old acquaintance, mothers tong, nor name
Giuen thee in thy baptiſme: for I cannot, I,
Impute it vnto pride, Philoſophy
Hauing ſo well fore-ſeaſon'd thy minds caske.
Of gulls and fooles I will no queſtion aske,
Wherfore they looke ſo ſtrange, becauſe I know
They are but poore in wit, though rich in ſhow.
Looke on *Panduris*, with whom in th'infancy
Of my then greene, now riper iudgment, I
Was well acquainted: he ſir will not ſpeake,
Thinking himſelfe the better man belike
Becauſe his father with bartring, and trucke

Of bad greene-ſicknes wines, hath heapt vp muck,
And for his mother with her greedy gripes,
Hath out of neats-feet, chitterlings, and tripes,
Scrapt many a durty pound: this is he,
That lookes like *Guazzo*, or pedant grauitie,
Spits controuerſies, prates of *Bellarmine*,
And yet perhaps nere ſaw of his a line.
Then there is *Cynops*, whoſe grand-mother ſold
Good ale and wigs, in curteſey growne cold,
Becauſe his father with a coſſening fetch,
Purchaſd land for him, which his conſcience ſtretch
Hath almoſt ſworne the whole world, thar the man
Is damnd, to make his ſonne a gentleman.
With them in ranck *La volto Publius*,
VVho's growne a reueller ridiculous:
And for his dad with *Chimicke* vſurie,
Turnd yron to ſterling, droſſe to land and fee,
And got ſo by old horſe-ſhooes, that the foole
Enterd himſelfe into the dauncing ſchoole;
Thinks ſcorne to ſpeake: eſpecially now ſince
H'ath beene a player to a Chriſtmas prince.
When theſe, & ſuch like doe themſelues eſtrange,
I neuer muſe at theyr fantaſticke change:
Becauſe they are Phantaſmas butterflies,
Inconſtant, but yet witleſſe *Mercuries*.
I know ſome of their humorous neere of kin,

Which

Which ſcorne to ſpeake to one which hath not bin
In one of theſe laſt voyages : or to one
Which hauing bin there yet(though he haue none)
Hath not a *Cades*-beard : though I dare ſweare
That many a beardleſſe chin hath marched where
They durſt not for their berds come,thogh they dare
Come where they will not leaue theyr beardes one
But I doe wonder what eſtrangeth thee, (haire
New caſt in mold of deepe philoſophy :
Thee whom that Queene hath taught to moderate,
Thy mounting thought, nor to be eleuate
With puffingſt fortunes?though(for ought I know)
Thy fortunes are none ſuch to puffe thee ſo.
How like a *Muſherom* art thou quickly growne,
I knew thee when thou war'dſt a thred-bare gowne:
Siz'd eighteene pence a weeke,and ſo did I,
As then thou wert faine of my company,
Of mine acquaintance glad; how art thou altred?
Or wherein's thine eſtate ſo bettered?
Thou art growne a ſilken dauncer, and in that
Turn'd to a caper, skipſt from loue to hate,
To daunce *Ma piu*, French-galliard, or a meaſure,
Dooſt thou eſteeme this cunning ſuch a treaſure?
Neuer be proud of that, for doſt thou know,
That *Laureat* Batchelor *Del Phrygio*?
He with a ſpade-beard can full mannerly,

Leade the olde meaſures to a company
Of bare chind-boyes, and with his nimble feete,
Make our fore-wearied Counſellours to ſweat:
For enuie at his ſtrange actiuitie,
Becauſe they cannot do't as well as he.
But then a ſimple reueller, thou art more,
Thou haſt had ſom doings with the prince *d'Amore*
And playd a noble mans part in a play:
Now out vpon thee *Fabian*, I dare ſay,
If *Florus* ſhould alledge that cauſe of pride,
Hiſſe him thou wouldſt to death for't: and beſide,
thou mightſt haue had ſom doings with that prince
which wold haue made thee leſſe proude euer ſince.
Yet art thou ſtately, and ſo ſtately to,
That thou forget'ſt thy ſtate, and wilt not know
Them which knowe thee and it: ſo long thou haſt
True follower beene of faſhions, that at laſt
Thou art growne thy ſelfe a faſhion: for to day
Thou art common, popular, in vſe euery way
Fitting the various world, but by and by
Thou art diſuſde, growſt ſtale, and too proudly
Wringſt thy ſelfe frō the humorous worlds conceit,
Now art thou like the wide breech, doublet ſtrait,
But er't be long, thou wilt eſtranged be,
Like the French quarter ſlop, or the gorbelly,
The long ſtockt hoſe, or cloſe Venetian.

Now

SATIRE. III.

Now fie vpon this pride, which makes wiſe men
Looke like expired leaſes; out of doubt
Thou wert wiſe, but thy leaſe of wit is out:
For ſuch fond toyes thou haſt eſtrangde thy ſelfe
For vaine braue Bragardiſme, and durtie pelfe,
And yet I thinke, thy pelfe with thee'le diſpence
To kiſſe the Counter, ere twill bale thee thence.
Theſe fooliſh toyes haue quite diſparaged
Philoſophy thy Miſtris, and tis ſaid,
Thou art like to *Damaſippus*, for thy hayre
Preciſely cut, makes thee Philoſopher,
And nothing (God wot) elſe. But what care I?
Why ſhould I reaſon with thy ſurquedry?
I ſmile at thy Atturneys ſilken pride,
Tufttaffeta ſtate, and make my Muſe deride,
In theſe her ſcoffing rimes thy beeing ſtrange,
And haue good paſtime at thy motley change.
Prethee be proude ſtill, ſtrange ſtill, ſtately ſtill,
And with thy winde my Muſes organs fill,
To ſound an *Antheme* of thy folly foorth,
It wil be merry muſicke, richly worth
The laughing at, for I will play a Iigge,
And thou ſhalt daunce, my Muſe ſhall play the rig
Once in her dayes, but ſhee ſhall quittance thee,
For thy contemptible inconſtancie.
VVell, if thou wilt ſpeake, ſo, and ſo farewell,
If not, I thinke thee worſe foole then I'le tell.

Satyra Quarta.

WHat a ſcald humour is this, ielous care,
Which turnes a man to a familiare?
See how *Trebatio* yonder haunts his wife,
And dares not looſe ſight of her for his life:
And now there's one ſpeakes to her, mark his grace,
See how he baſts himſelfe in his owne greace:
Note what a ſquint askew he caſts, as he
Already ſaw his heads hornd-armory.
Foule weather ielouſie to a forward ſpring,
Makes weeds grow ranke, but ſpoyles a better thing:
Sowes tares (gainſt harueſt) in the fields of loue,
And dogged humor Dog-dayes-like doth proue:
Scorching loues glorious world with glowing tong;
A ſerpent by which loue to death is ſtung,
A fire to waſt his pleaſant ſommer bowres,
Ruine his manſions, and deface his towres.
Yonder goes *Celius* playing faſt and looſe
With his wiues arme, but not for loue God knowes,
Suſpition is the cauſe ſhe well doth know,
Can ſhe then loue him that doth wrong her ſo?
If ſhe refuſe to walke vvith him hee'le frowne,
Fore-vvearied both, they reſt, he on her gowne
Sits for his eaſe ſhe ſaith, afrayd in hart,
Leaſt ſodainly ſhe ſhould giue him the ſtart:
Thus doth he make her priſoner to his feare,

And

And himſelfe thrall to ſelfe-conſuming care.
A male-kind ſparrow once miſtooke his neſt,
And fled for harbour to faire *Liuias* breaſt:
Her husband caught him with a iealous rage,
Swearing to keepe him priſoner in a Cage:
Then a poore flye dreading no netty ſnare,
Was caught in curled meſhes of her haire,
Humming a ſad note for's impriſonment;
When the mad beaſt, with ruder hands doth rent
That golden fleece, for haſt to take the flie,
And ſtraight-wayes at a vvindow gins to prie,
Buſie, ſharp-ſighted blind-man-hob, to know
Whether t'were male or female taken ſo,
Marke how *Seuerus* frigs from roome to roome,
To ſee, and not to ſee his martirdome:
Peeuiſh diſeaſe which doth all foode diſtaſt,
But what kils health, and that's a pleaſing feaſt:
Like Weauers ſhuttles which runne to and fro,
Rau'ling their owne guts with their running ſo.
He which infects theſe with this lunacy,
Is an odd figgent iack called *Iealouſie*,
His head is like a vvindmils trunk ſo bigge.
Wherin ten thouſand thoughts runne whirligigge,
Play at barly-breake, and daunce the Iriſh hay
Ciuill and peacefull like the *Centaures* fray
His body is ſo fallen away and leane,

That ſcarce it can his logger-head ſuſtaine.
He hath as many hundred thouſand eyes
As *Argus* had, like ſtarres plac't in the skies,
Though to no purpoſe, for blinde loue can ſee
Hauing no eyes, farther then Icalouſie.
Gulfe-breſted is he, ſilent, and profound,
Cat-footed for ſlie pace, and without ſound,
Porpentine backed, for he lies on thornes,
Is it not pitty ſuch a beaſt wants hornes?
Is it not pitty ſuch a beaſt ſhould ſo,
Poſſeſſe mens thoughts, and timpanize with woe
Their bigge ſwolne harts? for let *Seuerus* heare,
A Cuckow ſing in *Iune*, he ſweats for feare:
And cõming home, he whurries through the houſe,
Each hole that makes an inmate of a mouſe
Is ranſackt by him for the cuckold-maker,
He beates his wife, & mongſt his maides doth ſwag-
T'extort confeſſion from thẽ who hath been (ger
Familiar with his wife, wreeking his teene
Vpon her ruffes and iewels, burning, tearing,
Flinging and hurling, ſcolding, ſtaring, ſwearing.
Hee's as diſcreet, ciuill a gentleman,
As *Harry Peaſecod*, or a Bedlam man,
A drunken captaine, or a ramping whore,
Or ſwaggering blew-coate at an ale-houſe doore.
VVhat an infection's this, which thus doth fire

Mens

Mens moſt diſcreeteſt tempers, and doth tire
Their ſoules with furie? and doth make them thirſt
To carouſe bolles of poyſon till they burſt?
Oh this it is to be too wiſe in ſin.
Too well experienſt, and skilld therein:
"*For falſe ſuſpition of another, is,*
"*A ſure condemning of our owne amiſſe.*
Vnleſſe a man haue into practiſe brought
The *Theoricke* art of loue which *Ouid* wrote,
Vnleſſe his owne lewd life haue taught him more
Then *Aretines* aduenturous wandring whore,
Vnleſſe he haue an antient ſouldiour beene,
Brags of the markes, and ſhewes the ſcarres of ſinne,
How could he be ſo gorgde with louing hate,
As to thinke women ſo inſaciate?
How could he know their ſtratagems and ſhifts,
Their politicke delayes and wilie drifts?
No no, tis true, he hath beene naught himſelfe,
And lewdnes fathereth this wayward elfe,
Then take this for a Maxim generall rule,
No iealous man, but is or knaue, or foole.

Satyra Quinta.

LEt me alone I prethee in thys Cell,
Entice me not into the Citties hell;

SATIRE. V.

Tempt me not forth this *Eden* of content,
To taſt of that vvhich I ſhall ſoone repent:
Prethy excuſe me, I am not alone
Accompanied with meditation,
And calme content, vvhoſe taſt more pleaſeth me
Then all the Citties luſhious vanity.
I had rather be encoffin'd in this cheſt
Amongſt theſe bookes and papers I proteſt,
Then free-booting abroad purchaſe offence,
And ſcandale my calme thoughts with diſcontents.
Heere I conuerſe with thoſe diuiner ſpirits,
Whoſe knowledge, and admire the world inherits:
Heere doth the famous profound *Stagarite*,
With Natures miſtick harmony delight
My rauiſh'd contemplation: I heere ſee
The now-old worlds youth in an hiſtory:
Heere may I be graue *Platos* auditor;
And learning of that morrall Lecturer,
To temper mine affections, gallantly
Get of my ſelfe a glorious victory:
And then for change, as we delight in change.
(For this my ſtudy is indeede m'Exchange)
Heere may I ſit, yet walke to *Weſtminſter*
And heare *Fitzherbert*, *Plowden*, *Brooke*, and *Dier*
Canuas a law-caſe: or if my diſpoſe
Perſwade me to a play, I'le to the *Roſe*,

Or

Or *Curtaine*, one of *Plautus* Comedies,
Or the *Patheticke Spaniards* Tragedies:
If my deſire doth rather wiſh the fields,
Some ſpeaking Painter, ſome Poet ſtraitway yeelds
A flower beſpangled walk, where I may heare
Some amorous Swaine his paſſions declare
To his ſun-burnt Loue. Thus my books little caſe,
My ſtudy, is mine All, mine euery place.
What more variety of pleaſures can
An idle Citty-walke affoord a man?
More troubleſome and tedious will I know
T'will be, into the peopled ſtreets to goe,
Witnes that hotch-potch of ſo many noyſes,
Black-ſaunts of ſo many ſeuerall voyces,
That Chaons of rude ſounds, that harmouy,
And *Dyapaſon* of harſh *Barbary*,
Compos'd of ſeuerall mouthes, and ſeuerall cries,
Which to mens eares turne both their tongs & eies.
There ſqueaks a cart-wheele, here a tumbrel rumbles
Heere ſcolds an old Bawd, there a Porter grumbles.
Heere two tough Car-men combat for the way,
There two for looks begin a coward fray,
Two ſwaggering knaues heere brable for a whore,
There brauls an Ale-knight for his fat-grown ſcore.
But oh purgation! yon rotten-throated ſlaues
Engarlanded with coney-catching knaues,

Whores,

Whores, Bedles, bawdes, and Sergeants filthily
Chaunt *Kemps* Iigge, or the *Burgomians* tragedy:
But in good time, there's one hath nipt a bong,
Farewell my harts, for he hath marrd the ſong.
Yet might all this, this too bad be excuſd,
Were not an Ethicke ſoule much more abuſd,
And her ſtill patience choakt by vanitie,
VVith vnſufferable inhumanitie:
For whoſe gall is't that would not ouerflow,
To meete in euery ſtreete where he ſhall goe,
With folly maskt in diuers ſemblances?
The Cittie is the mappe of vanities,
The marte of fooles, the *Magazin* of gulles,
The painters ſhop of Antickes: walke in Poules,
And but obſerue the ſundry kindes of ſhapes,
Th'wilt ſweare that London is as rich in apes
As *Affricke Tabraca*: One wries his face.
This fellows wrie necke is his better grace.
He coynd in newer mint of faſhion,
With the right Spaniſh ſhrugge ſhewes paſsion.
There comes one in a muffler of Cad'z-beard,
Frowning as he would make the world afeard,
VVith him a troupe all in gold-dawbed ſutes,
Looking like *Talbots*, *Percies*, *Montacutes*,
As if their very countenaunces would ſweare,
The Spanyard ſhould conclude a peace for feare:

But

But bring them to a charge, then ſee the luck,
Though but a falſe fire, they theyr plumes wil duck
What maruell, ſince life's ſweete? But ſee yonder,
One like the vnfrequented Theater
Walkes in darke ſilence, and vaſt ſolitude,
Suited to thoſe blacke fancies which intrude,
Vpon poſſeſsion of his troubled breaſt:
But for blacks ſake he would looke like a ieaſt,
For hee's cleane out of faſhion: what he?
I thinke the *Genius* of antiquitie,
Come to complaine of our varietie,
Of tickle faſhions: then you ieſt I ſee.
Would you needs know? he is a malecontent:
A Papiſt? no, nor yet a Proteſtant,
But a diſcarded intelligencer,
Here's one lookes like to a king *Arthurs* fencer,
VVith his caſe of rapiers, and ſuted in buffe,
Is he not a Sargeant? then ſay's a muffe
For his furrd ſattin cloake; but let him goe,
Meddle not with him, hee's a ſhrewd fellow.
Oh what a pageant's this? what foole was I
To leaue my ſtudie to ſee vanitie?
But who's in yonder coach? my lord and foole,
One that for ape tricks can put *Gue* to ſchoole:
Heroick ſpirits, true nobilitie
Which can make choyce of ſuch ſocietie.

He

He more perfections hath than y'would ſuppoſe,
He hath a wit of waxe, freſh as a roſe,
He playes well on the treble Violin,
He ſoothes his Lord vp in his groſeſt ſin,
At any rimes ſprung from his Lordſhips head,
Such as *Elderton* would not haue fathered:
He cries, *oh rare my Lord*, he can diſcourſe
The ſtory of *Don Pacolet* and his horſe,
(To make my Lord laugh) ſweares and ieſt,
And with a *Simile non plus* the beſt,
(Vnleſſe like *Pace* his wit be ouer-awde)
But his beſt part is he's a perfect Bawde,
Rare vertues; farewel they. But who's yonder (der
Deep mouth'd Hound, that bellows rimes like thun-
He maks an earthquake throughout *Paules* church-
Well fare his hart, his larum ſhall be heard: (yard,
Oh he's a puiſne of the Innes of Court,
Come from th'Vniuerſity to make ſport
With his friends money heere: but ſee, ſee,
Heere comes *Don Faſhion*, ſpruce formality,
Neat as a Merchants ruffe, that's ſet in print,
New halfe-penny, skip'd forth his Laundres mint;
Oh braue! what, with a feather in his hat?
He is a dauncer you may ſee by that;
Light heeles, light head, light feather well agree.
Salute him, with th'embrace beneath the knee?

I thinke twere better let him paſſe along,
He will ſo dawbe vs with his oyly tongue,
For thinking on ſome of his Miſtreſſes,
We ſhall be curried with the briske phraſes,
And prick-ſong termes he hath premeditate,
Speake to him woe to vs, for we ſhall ha'te,
Then farewell he. But ſoft, whom haue we heare?
What braue Saint *George*, what mounted Caualiere?
He is all court-like, Spaniſh in's attyre,
He hath the right ducke, pray God he be no Frier:
Thys is the Dictionary of complements,
The Barbers mouth of new-ſcrapt eloquence,
Synomicke Tully for varietie,
And Madame Conceits gorgeous gallerie,
The exact patterne which *Caſtilio*
Tooke for's accompliſh Courtier: but ſoft ho,
What needs that bownd, or that curuet (good ſir)
There's ſome ſweet Lady, and tis done to her,
That ſhe may ſee his Iennets nimble force:
VVhy, would he haue her in loue with his horſe?
Or aymes he at popiſh merrit, to make
Her in loue with him, for his horſes ſake?
The further that we walke, more vanitie
Preſents it ſelfe to proſpect of mine eye,
Here ſweares ſome Seller, though a known vntruth,
Here his wife's bated by ſome quick-chapt youth.

There

There in that window miſtres minkes doth ſtand,
And to ſome copeſmate beckneth her hand,
In is he gone, Saint *Venus* be his ſpeede,
For ſome great thing muſt be aduentured:
There comes a troupe of puiſnes from the play,
Laughing like wanton ſchoole-boyes all the way.
Yon goe a knot to *Bloome* is Ordinary,
Friends and good fellowes all now, by and by
Thei'le be by the eares, vie ſtabs, exchange diſgraces,
And bandie daggers at each others faces.
Enough of theſe then, and enough of all,
I may thanke you for this time ſpent; but call
Henceforth I'le keepe my ſtudie, and eſchew,
The ſcandall of my thoughts, my follies view:
Now let vs home, I'me ſure tis ſupper time,
The horne hath blowne, haue done my merry rime.

Satyra ſexta.

OH that mens thoughts ſhould ſo degenerate,
Being free borne, t'admit a ſlauiſh ſtate:
They diſclaime Natures manumiſſion,
Making themſelues bond to opinion:
VVhoſe gally-ſlaues they are, toſt on the ſea
Of vulgar humors, which doth rage and play,
According as the various breath of change

Calmes

Calmes or perturbs her ſmooth brow. Is't not ſtrang
That heau'n bred ſoules, diſcended from aboue
Should brooke ſuch baſe ſubiection? feare reproofe
From her cold northerne gales, or els be merry
When her *Fanonian* praiſe breathes a ſweet perry?
(Raſon) thou art the ſoules bright *Genius*,
Sent downe from *Ioues* throne to ſafe conduct vs
In this lifes intricate *Dædalian* maze:
How art thou buffuld? how comes this diſgrace,
That by opinion thou art bearded ſo,
Thy ſlaue, thy ſhadow: nay, out-bearded too?
She earth-worme doth deriue her pedegree
From bodies durt, and ſenſualitie,
And marſhald in degree fitting her birth
Is but a dwarffe, or ieſter to make mirth.
Thou the ſoules, bodies Queenes allie moſt neere,
The firſt Prince of her blood, and chiefeſt peere,
Nay, her protector in nonage, whilſt ſhe
Liues in this bodies weake minoritie,
Art yet kept vnder by that vnderling,
That dreame, that breath, nay that indeed *Nothing*,
The ale-houſe *Ethicks*, the worlds vpſide downe
Is verefied: the prince now ſerues the clowne.
If reaſon bandy with opinion,
Opinion winnes in the concluſion:
For if a man be once opinionate,

Millions

Millions of reaſons nill extenuate
His fore-ceited mallice: conference
Cannot aſſwage opinions inſolence.
But let opinion once lay battery
To reaſons fort, ſhe will turne hereſie,
Or ſuperſtition, wily politiſt,
But ſhe will winne thoſe rampires which reſiſt.
Then ſith ſuch innate diſcord is maintain'd
Twixt reaſon and opinion; what ſtaid-brain'd,
True reſolute, and philoſophick head
Would by opinion be diſtempered?
Opinion is as various as light change,
Now ſpeaking Court-like friendly, ſtrait-wayes ſtrange;
She's any humours perfect paraſite,
Diſpleas'd with her, and pleas'd with her delight,
She is the Eccho of inconſtancie,
Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.
Then who would weigh this feather, or reſpect
The fickle cenſure of ſhallow neglect?
Shall graue *Lycurgus* ſtraite repeale his lawes,
Becauſe ſome Cobler finds fault with this clawſe,
Some Ale-konner with that? or ſhall the ſtate
Be ſubiect to each baſe-groomes arbitrate?
No, let's eſteeme Opinion as ſhe is,
Fooles bawble, innouations Miſtris,
The Proteus Robin-good-fellow of change,

Smith-

Smithfield of iaded fancies, and th' Exchange
Of fleeting cenſures, nurſe of hereſie,
Begot by Malice on Inconſtancie:
It's but the hiſſe of Geeſe, the peoeples noyſe,
The tongue of humours, and phantaſticke voyce
Of haire-brain'd Apprehenſion: it reſpects
With all due titles, and that due neglects
Euen in one inſtant. For in theſe our times
Some of Opinions gulls carpe at the rimes
Of reuerend *Chawcer:* other-ſome do praiſe them,
And vnto heau'n with wonders wings do raiſe them
Some ſay the mark is out of *Gowers* mouth,
Others, he's better then a trick of youth.
Some blame deep *Spencer* for his grandam words,
Others proteſt that, in them he records
His maiſter-peece of cunning giuing praiſe,
And grauity to his profound-prickt layes.
Daniel (as ſome holds) might mount if he liſt,
But others ſay that he's a Lucaniſt.
Markham is cenſur'd for his want of plot,
Yet others thinke that no deepe ſtayning blot;
As *Homer* writ his Frogs-fray learnedly,
And *Virgil* his Gnats vnkind Tragedy:
So though his plot be poore, his Subiect's rich,
And his Muſe ſoares a Falcons gallant pitch.

SATIRE. VI.

Drayton's condemn'd of ſome for imitation,
But others ſay t'was the beſt Poets faſhion,
In ſpight of ſicke Opinions crooked doome,
Traytor to kingdome mind, true iudgments toomb,
Like to a worthy *Romaine* he hath wonne
A three-fold name affined to the *Sunne*,
When he is mounted in the glorious South,
And *Drayton's* iuſtly ſirnam'd *Golden-mouth*.
The double volum'd *Satyre* praiſed is,
And lik'd of diuers for his Rods in piſſe,
Yet other-ſome, who would his credite crack
Haue clap'd *Reactioes* Action on his back.
Nay, euen wits *Ceſar*, *Sidney*, for whoſe death
The Fates themſelues lamented *Englands* ſcath,
And Muſes-wept, till of their teares did ſpring
Admiredly a ſecond *Caſtal* ſpring,
Is not exempt for prophanation,
But cenſur'd for affectation.
Thus doth Opinion play the two edg'd ſword,
And vulgar iudgments both-hand playes afford,
Then who but fooles, and empty caske like minds,
Would be engroſs'd with ſuch phantaſtique winds?
Let Players, Minſtrels, ſilken Reuellers,
Light minded as their parts, their aires, their fethers,
Be ſlaues t'Opinion, when the people ſhoute

At

At a quaint ieſt, croſſe-poynt, or well touch'd Lute,
Let their ſleight frothy minds be bubled vp,
And breake againe at a hiſſe, or howt, or hup.
Let *Caius* when his horſe hath wone the bell,
Conceiue more ioy than his dull tongue can tell:
Or let *Lycanor* feare a tennis ſet
More then his ſoules loſſe, and for it more fret.
Pollio me thinks is going into the Towne,
Boy, ſet your Maiſters ruffe, and bruſh his gowne,
Leaſt ſome ſpruce Taylor ſitting on his ſtall,
Say, there goes a ſlouen, careleſſe of all,
Heere comes young *Panſa*: whether away ſo faſt?
Why, going to the Barbers in all haſt,
Thy haire's all ſhort enough: but I muſt craue
A little labour to be ſmug'd, and haue
A bleſſing of Roſe-water, ere I goe
To ſee ſuch and ſuch Ladies, for you know
Thei'le flowt a man behind his backe, if he
Be not trim furbiſh'd, and in decencie.
Oh what a ſlauerie's this? ſhall a free mind
Sicke of a Cockneys Ague, feare the wind?
No, let's be Stoicks, reſolute, and ſpare not
To tell the proudeſt Criticke that we care not
For his wooden cenſure, nor to mittigate
The ſharp tart veriuice of his ſnap-haunce hate

Would change a line, a word, no not a poynt
For his deepe mouthed ſcoffes, as ſoone diſioynt
His grind-ieſt chaps as hurt our credites, who
Are careleſſe of what he can ſay or do.
Oh *Epictetus*, perfect libertine,
Who though a ſlaue, tyr'd daily in the mine,
Yet hadſt as free a ſoule, as free a powre
To calme content as any Emperour,
Thou wert no buſie *Polypragmons* thrall,
No ſlaue to cenſures, caring not at all
Which way the vulgar wind ſtood, negligent
Whether the world were angry or content.
Thy vertue-purged ſoule, thy *Genius*
Made all thine inclinations vertuous:
Which thou didſt follow, careleſſe of th'euent,
Or of the worlds applauſe, or diſcontent.
True patterne of a philoſophick ſoule,
Not ſubiect to Mechanick mates controule,
Nor puff'd vp with the praiſes of each hind
Which gaue a froathy battery to thy mind.
With ſuch reſolue, ſuch perfect temperature
Should a Socratique mind her thoughts aſſure:
And as he taught young *Alcibiades*
Audacity to pleade, and to deſpiſe
The popular ſcarcrow eſtimation;

For

For that ſuch bodies compoſition
Conſiſted but of Brokers, Coblers, ſlaues,
Black-men, trap-makers, and ſuch kind of knaues,
Whoſe many headed doomes he neuer weighd,
Nor of their giddy vnion was afraid:
So let all others care for vulgar breath,
Which neither can preſerue, nor plague with death,
(Vnleſſe their ſent of Garlike poyſon vs.)
Should I take it at hart, or for hainous,
To heare ſome Prentize, or ſome Players boy
Hath ieſted at my Muſe, and ſcoff'd my ioy?
Or that ſome Chaundler ſlopt a muſtard pot,
Or wrap'd Sope in ſome leaues, her petticoate?
Or perfum'd Courtiour in a peeuiſh ſcorne,
Some pages thereof, tyrant-like hath torne,
T'o ſcauenger his backe dore from the durt?
Which if he do (though me it ſhall not hurt)
May my harſh ſtile (the Muſes I beſeech)
Be but as arſe-ſmart to his tickled breech:
Or ſhall I thinke my ſelfe t'haue better hap,
If that ſome weeuil, mault-worme, barly-cap,
Hearing my lines halfe-ſnorting ore his kanne,
Sweares them for good, and me a proper man?
Or ſhall I waxe proud if ſome Pedant daigne
The Epethite of Pretty for my paine?

SATIRE. VI.

The pox I will as ſoone: let others care,
Ile play the Gallant, I, the Caueleire;
Once in my dayes Ile weene, and ouer-weene,
And cry, a *Fico* for the *Criticke* ſpleene:
For let them praiſe them, or their praiſe deny,
My lines are ſtill themſelues, and ſo am I.

FINIS.